

## Doors

I got home from work late last night, exhausted. As I always do, I locked the front door behind me, and went straight upstairs to my room. I quickly locked the bedroom door as well, and when I hung up my jacket, I made sure the closet door was closed.

This need to keep every door closed comes from an incident when I was seven. My sister hid in my closet behind a row of jackets, and left the door open for me to find. When I went to close it, she jumped out and scared the bajesus out of me. Ever since then, I get the chills at the sight of an open door - an intense dread that something on the other side is watching me, waiting for me to get close.

In the early morning, early enough that it was still dark, I was awoken by the sound of rummaging. I was tired, and even after the sounds stopped, it took me a while to get up. I turned on the light on my nightstand, and was blinded for a few seconds while my eyes adjusted. I looked around the room, but didn't see anything out of the ordinary. Both the bedroom and closet doors remained closed. I dismissed it as a dream, and went back to sleep.

Just before sunrise, I got up for work. I was still tired, since my sleep had been thrown off, and was having a hard time thinking straight. I hoped I'd be lucid enough to drive by the time I got outside. Once I was dressed, I opened my closet, and selected a new jacket from the row. As always, I made sure to close the door.

I opened the bedroom door and cursed myself. I'd forgotten to lock it. As I left my house, I realized I'd made the same mistake with the front door. Now my forgetfulness was getting dangerous.

As I was getting in the car, my front door flew open and someone, whose details I couldn't make out in the dark, leapt from my porch and sprinted off out of sight. I hadn't forgotten to lock the doors, they'd been picked!

I ran inside to see what had been taken. To my surprise, I found everything in place. My laptop was right there on the coffee table, and I couldn't imagine a burglar would have left that be. This was just some sicko.

I went upstairs to check my room anyway, just in case. I took one look inside, ran back to my car, and went straight to my mom's after work, where I'll be staying until I can find an apartment.

The closet door was open.